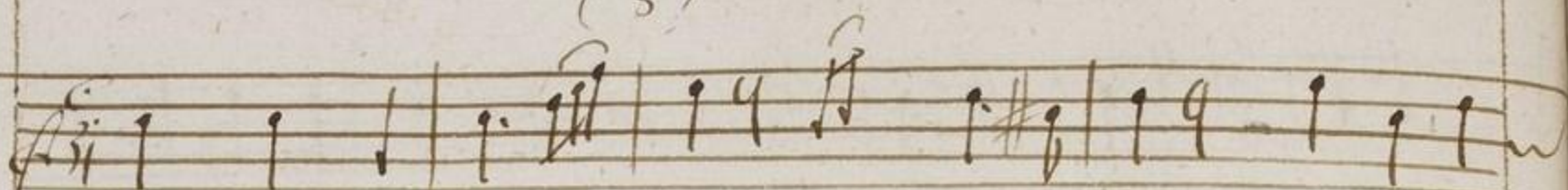
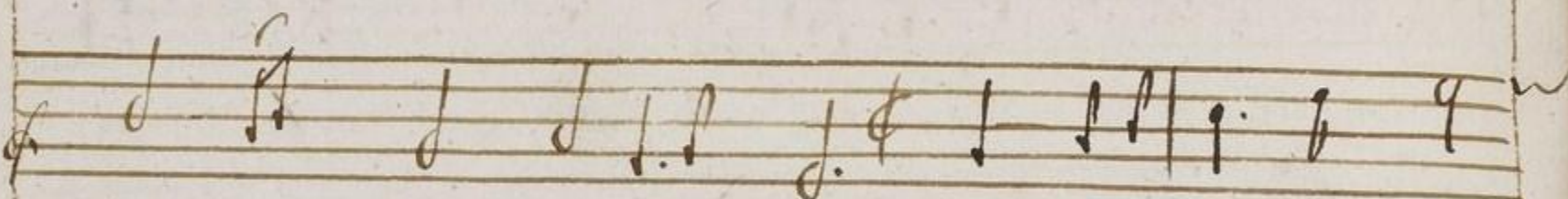
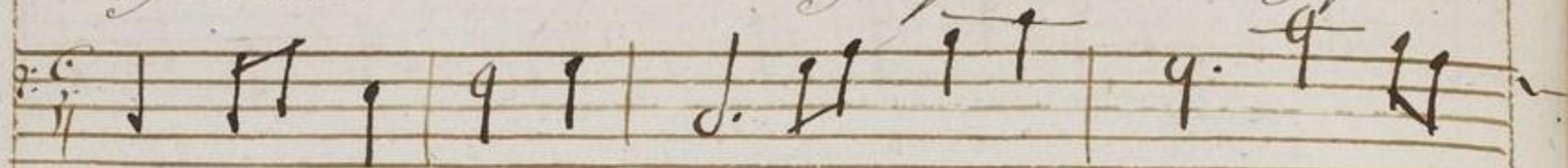


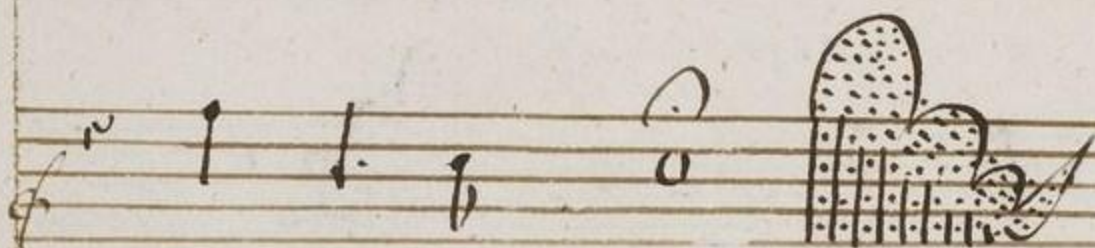
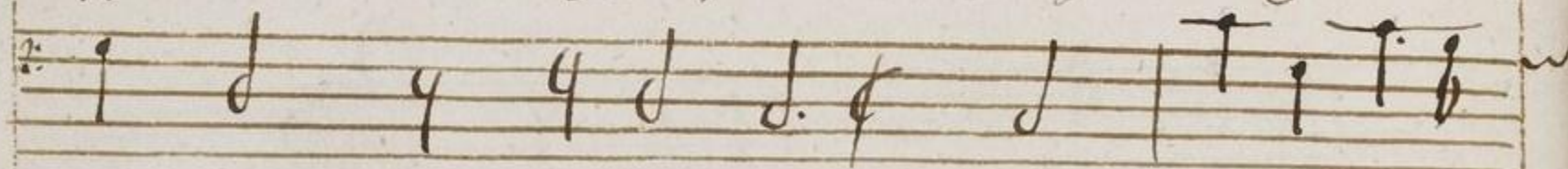
(8)



My Dearest and Sweetest Phillis thy Skym is Lillies, thy fresher

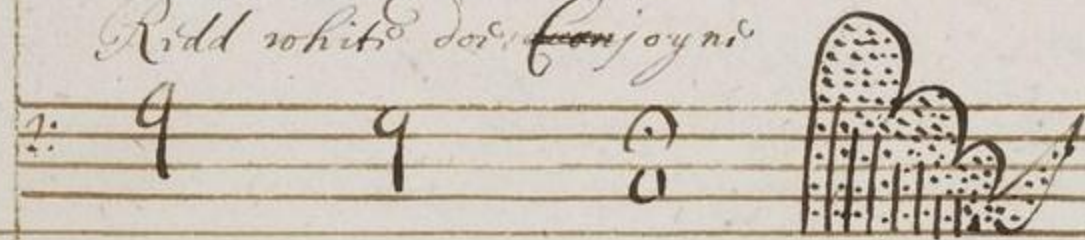


lipps each hour is the Gilly flower, (Rocks, Roses their Combine



John

Ridd white doe, ~~con~~joyns



Gamble

2
 Brist, Mounts where Cupid sits
 Loves Strawberry Tills
 thy balmy dew be with
 Vignis violets
 Thy hairs with Louing Twines
 Are sweet Wood bynds.

3
 Fresh as the Moring Day
 Roabes all of May
 Meats honey from each Tree
 because the Bee
 and in a Cowslipp Cupp
 drinks the ayre up

Church

4 Verse

Church archid Dock ther'd lay
an Asbian Key
And all the Telling Knolls
wer' fresh blown bells
The Ropes long Colwibbs thinn
Spiders Rang in

5

Butterflies sang their hopes
in their rich Copes
Bumble bee Bishepp prdacht
their might wacht
Rayling at each small fly
how they should dy.

6

This Pulpitt a Toads stool
small flies to fool
when cas'd his ouer then,
Knatt said Amen
Though each Fly was a sinner
Glad of their Dynner



Thy friend